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Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

Hoisted and No Prisoners Taken.

R. L. Dabney, professor of philosophy in the University of Texas, has written a remarkable letter to the Baltimore Sun, giving Stonewall Jackson's views on the conduct of the civil war. Professor Dabney was General Jackson's chief-of-staff, and writes as one who knew his ground. He is the author of a life of General Jackson. Extracts from the letter follow:

During the Valley campaign and that around Richmond, in 1862. I was General Jackson's chief-of-staff. His prudent reserve was noted; it was such that he never disclosed anything of his own military designs except the necessary orders to his chief-of-staff, or even to his major-general next in command, and he was chary of expressing to them his thoughts on the general conduct of the war.

On the 18th of May, 1862, between the battles of McDowell and Winchester, I was riding alone with the General along the valley of Mossy creek, in Augusta county, to visit the bivouac of the famous Twelfth Georgia Ragiment in our front. He was, what was rare withhim, in the mood to converse with me. Our thoughts traveled naturally upon the prospect of our struggle.

The conversation turned upon some recent threat of bloody retaliation which Mr. Davis had been compelled to make by some one of the numerous outrages. The General said, in words to this effect, that such an emergency would not now appear had the war been begun on that plan which commended itself to his judgment. I exclaimed with much interest, that a rumor had flitted through his army that he would have begun the war under the black flag, and that I was curious to know from him whether it had any foundation or what. He replied, very squarely: Yes, he believed we should not have begun to take any prisoners in this war, and that he should have adopted this plan prisoners in this war, and that he should have adopted this plan manity. Because he felt sure the war would have been thus ended with far less effusion of blood. He added that this could not be, like other diplomatic wars, a struggle for a boundary or a province, but for our people, a struggle for life and death, and it would have been best for the people to have its true character unmasked to

them from the first. This war, before its end, will certainly disclose its piratical character. Thus Mr. Lincoln is reported as now declaring that it is not a war of aboli-tion. But whether he knows it or not, it is surely destined to become such. Then they will proceed to arm our own slaves against us. Then, said he, when these outrages are perpetrated of course it will be absurd and perpetrated of course it will be absurd and impossible for us to treat that war as a civilized war! To do so will be perdition to our cause. It will be the practical admission of claims damnable to our pretensions of right and ruinous to the morale and self-respect of our people. Thus, before this war is ended Mr. Davis is going to find himself in this dilemma: The enemy will adopt means such that he will be obliged to meet them with extensive bloody retaliations or them with extensive bloody retaliations or be ruined. But then these enemies will have in their hands, it may be, thousands of our friends, so that it will be attended with the fearful consequence of thereby consigning our soldiers to massacre. Now, he added, foreseeing these things, I would have advised taking no prisoners, and teaching our volunteers at the outset that

when they went into action it must be vic-tory or death literally for them, as it is going to be for their country. Since the administration had adopted other ideas he obeyed. He had all along been as careful

and scrupulous to preserve the lives and health of his prisoners as Mr. Davis himself could have been. Such were unquestionably General Jackson's thoughts at that time. How prophetic they were any well-informed man must judge for himself.

Marriage of Saints and Sinners.

For it is to be observed that the saints are always, or almost always, unmarried. If either husband or wife is filled with the ambition to be a saint, misery is assured. Christian deserted Mrs. Christian and the children. It was a mean act, but what was he to do? What is any one to do who feels a vocation for perfection, after marrying, in another mood, as one who plays tipcat, drinks beer and dances with the girls. This is a fruitful source of unhappiness in married life: it matters not whether you take the case of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, or of the second wife of the elder Weller.
Where one partner is a saint and the other
a "wessel," happiness flies out of the door.
We are usually invited to sympathize
with the "wessel," but I am not certain
that the saint does not as much deserve
our compassion. In other cases the saintliness is common to both partners, but the pattern of excellence differs. Then we have the woeful predicament of Mrs. Elsmere, who was good, but on the old lines, while the Rev. Elsmere was good, too, but "advanced"—a reader of Strauss and Renan and Baur.

Early's Chances.

Chicago Herald. General Jubal A. Early declares that he wants to be struck by lightning when his faith in the lost cause is destroyed. The General is taking desperate chances, but none more desperate than are taken by the man who buys a ticket in the lottery he superintends.

A HOOSIER AT THE DERBY

"O. R. J." Tells of the Things He Saw at

LONDON, June 6.-The greatest racing event in England is the "Derby," so far as popular interest is concerned. This race has become the most famous sporting event in Great Britain, and the interest in it is not confined, as in our own country, to devotees of the turf alone, but is widespread among all classes. Twenty feet from where I watched the race, yesterday, was the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Portland, and other scions of nobility and royalty, while surrounding them, separated only by an iron fence, were thousands of people, gentlemen, ladies, blackguards, thieves and rogues, generally. The Derby course is at Epsom Downs, about twenty miles from London. Although the races did not begin until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, thousands of people were there before daylight, so as to get eligible locations for their booths and themselves. Business was largely suspended in the city, and the exodus began at an early hour. The proper way togo to the Derby is on a fourin-hand coach, driven by the owner, and not by a coachman, with a bugler, blowing nearly all the time, hampers filled with iced wines and lunch, and ladies for companions. There must have been at least five hundred of these coaches out yesterday, with gorgeous trappings and accesso ries, and, as they whirled along the Epsom road, as smooth and hard as a billiard table, they formed a very picturesque sight. Besides these, there were thousands of other vehicles, of every conceivable kind, all filled with perspiring people, but all bent on having a good time. The ladies were gay colors, while green veils floated from their hats and those of their male escorts as well. Thousands of people walked all the way, the most of them starting the night before. By far the greatest crowd went down on the trains, and I traveled in that way. From the station at Epsom to the race course is a distance of perhaps two miles, and so blocked were all the roads leading to it that it took us more than an hour to ride over. Admission to the course is free ride over. Admission to the course is free on Derby day, but if you want to see anything of the racing, you have to pay from \$2.50 to \$7.50 for a seat in one of the stands; but even then you can see little beside the start and finish, even with powerful field glasses. The crowd covered acres and acres, and by no one was estimated at less than 500,000, while it probably exceeded that number by many thousands. Every device known to modern ingenuity by which a penny could be obtained from the pleasure-seekers was there. There were stands on which mountebanks performed; rings, in which amateur boxers, braised and bloody, "slugged" each other to the edification of the crowds about them; tables, on which were all sorts of gambling devices; venders of everything, from

tables, on which were all sorts of gambling devices; venders of everything, from circus lemonade to ready-made clothing; hundreds of pool-stands, refreshment booths, games of chance and skill, "slot" machines of every conceivable kind; thousands of men and boys selling "tips;" bars for the sale of vile liquors, fortunetelling booths, and, in fact, almost everything else. On a long road way, from the entrance to the inside of the course, up one hill and down another, kept clear by scores of policemen, were the coaches in an alof policemen, were the coaches in an almost endless procession, with colors flying, bugles blowing, and the horses running at full speed, while on an adjoining road, in an almost inextricable mass, struggled the thousands of other vehicles. When the arrivals were all in, the coaches were lo-

cated in regular order on the south side of the hill, and formed a very pretty sight.

The race-course here is very different from those in the United States. The races are run on the turf, not on a "skinned" track, and the course is shaped like a horsetrack, and the course is shaped like a horseshoe, starting on low ground, over a hill
and down the stretch on the other side.
From the best seats the horses could only
be seen as they went over the hill and as
they passed the post, and in that vast
crowd there was scarcely a shout as they
flew by, until the result was known. The
Duke of Portland's colt Donavan, as you
all know, won the race in a field of thirteen starters, without the slightest trouble,
and his owner, a very popular young nobleand his owner, a very popular young noble-man, was greeted with cheer after vate box to greet his fiance, a beautiful young woman, whose face was covered with blushes and smiles. The Duke is little more than a boy, and the winning of the Derby by his horse netted him over £50,000,

which will do very well for one cay. He gave the jockey who rode Donavan £500 for landing him a winner. I have never seen such betting. Around the big stands noblemen and professional gamblers jostled each other as they bet hundreds and even thousands of pounds. All over the grounds were small-fry book-makers, who would take or give any wager from a shilling up to pounds. During the excitement of the race a number of these decamped, taking all the money with them. These fellows, who are called "Welshers," are summarily dealt with if they are caught, and there are numerous instances in which they have been killed outright by those whom they had defrauded. Yesterday I saw two of these fellows with a crowd after them, and if it had not been for prompt and summary action by the police they would have been so badly "mussed up" that their mothers would not have recognized them when they got home, if they were lucky enough to get there. For every betting stand on the grounds, and they were numbered by the hundreds, there were plenty of betters, many of whom staked

their last sixpence on the race. Coming back last night nearly all the rabble were drunk, and all along the road there were fights and accidents almost beyond number. In the vast attendance, the universal betting, the cosmopolitan attendance, and many strange sights, the Derby far excels any racing event I have ever seen.

The outing day for London is Sunday.
The facilities for getting out of town to some of the suburban resorts are all that could be desired, and not at all expensive. Most of these places are up and down the Thames, and accessible either by boat or rail. At this time of the year they are particularly beautiful, and the crowds that frequent them are enormously large. Last Sunday I went to Hampton Court, which was built by Cardinal Wolsey and given by him to Henry VIII, whose royal favor was afterwards so heartlessly withdrawn from him. Since then it has been the abode and personal property of roy-alty, and is replete with historic interest. The palace is an immense structure filled with the works of the old masters, in 500 or more paintings; silken tapestries, now of priceless value cover the walls, along with armor and other relics. The gardens are beautiful in plants and flowers, and the surrounding groves afford a pleasant retreat for weary loungers. The Thames river runs by the palace and is filled with all sorts of water craft. I suppose there were 10,000 people from London down there the day I visited Hampton. I rode on the outside of a bus all the way back, fifteen miles, through continuous, thickly populated suburbs, and by various those who had come out for the fresh air and such recreation as they could find. I know of no other city where poor people can have as good opportunities to enjoy themselves at a trivial cost as they can in London, and I might also add that I know of no other place where there are at the local said "come in." "That was a pretty fair the local said "come in." "That was a pretty fair the local said "come in." other resorts, all of which were crowded by

snitable to all tastes and inclinations, and

good time. If the fogs prove to be as represented they are certainly dense enough

good time. If the fogs prove to be as represented they are certainly dense enough for this purpose.

George Rhodius and Prot. J. F. Edwards left for Paris on Thursday. The former thinks he will stay over at least a year.... A dinner is to be given by Andrew Carnegie to Minister Lincoln and Consul-general New to meet Mr. Gladstone... Walter Stanton, well known in Indianapolis, J. Coffin & Stanton, New York, is here with his family. He has an expensive suite at the Hotel Metropole, but says the hotel people don't even know his name yet; they call him "No. 127." That is the way they do here, at the hotels, call people by the number of their rooms and not their names.... Met Mary Anderson in Henry Abbey's London office yesterday. She is looking very well, and says she is entirely recovered from her late indisposition... Will English will go to Edinburgh in a few days, to see his relatives. After that he will stay in London until October... People who come here from Paris complain bitterly of the outrageous charges to which strangers are subjected there. All the usual rates are doubled... Robert Reid, of Kingan & Co., dropped in to see me this week. He will sail for America in about three weeks. Thomas Kingan is living in a beautiful suburban home near London.

O. R. J.

O. R. J. PALATIAL PETERSBURG. The Tomb of the Czars-The Winter Palace from an Artistic Point of View. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the fortress, is remarkable for the elegance and height of its gilt spire, which was designed by Balles, a Dutch architect, in the middle of the last century. In this church, beneath the floor, are buried all the sovereigns of Russia since the foundation of St. Petersburg, with the exception of Peter II, who died and was interred at Moscow. The side aisles are extirely taken up with white marble tombs, marking the sites of the graves, each adorned with a gold cross, gold corners, and splendid funereal accessories, and embedded in palm-trees, growing plants, and flowers that bloom sadly in the faint white light of innumerable burning tapers and lamps. The walls and pillars of this church Theodore Child, in July Harper. bedded in palm-trees, growing plants, and flowers that bloom sadly in the faint white light of innumerable burning tapers and lamps. The walls and pillars of this church are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, keys of fortresses, shields, and battle-axes captured from vanquished foes, while the sanctuary is sumptuously adorned with pictures and cons set in gilded architectural framework gorgeously decorated in rococo style. The tombs are guarded by subaltern officers belonging to the garrison of the fortress, and are constantly visited, especially the tomb of Alexander II. by the faithful. We saw men, women, and children of all classes, mujiks, common soldiers, and dashing generals thread their way between the palm trees to the martyred Emperor's tomb, kiss the cross on the marble slab, fall on their knees, and offer a prayer.

The initiative of the Russians in art and in civilization is limited. Hitherto they have displayed greater aptitude for copying than for original conception, and even for their copies they have had recourse to Western artists, particularly to Italian architects like Quarenghi, Rossi and Count Rastrelli. The last is responsible both for the outside and the inside of the Winter Palace. This enormous structure was begun in 1782, finished in 1762, partly burned in 1837, but rebuilt in 1839 from the original drawings. It is a broad rectangular block, four stories or about eighty feet high, with a frontage of 455 feet in length and a breadth of 350 teet, one facade parallel with the Neva, another looking toward the Admiralty, the third facing the vast Alexander place, and the fourth (blind) facade backing up to the adjoining Hermitage Palace, with which it communicates by means of a covered bridge. The proportions of this palace are not commendable; the style of architecture is very bombastic roccoc; the decorations overcharged with statues, caryatides, flower-pots, grenades and trumpery accessories; the cheap stucco surface of its facades—mercilessly broken up by pilasters, wate fow. The iron roof is painted red.
The outside of this palace is absolutely without charm or merit of any kind; its only claim to notice is its immensity, which, by the way, according to Russian notions, is a very considerable claim. The interior is a saddening example of bad taste which is a saddening example of bad taste which seems to characterize crowned heads of all nations, whether the Russian Czar, the Turkish Sultan, the German Emperor, or the British sovereign. The ornamentation is for the most part in rampageous rocaille style, bright burnished gold on whitewash or white imitation marble. Our pen absolutely refuses to describe the sham splendor of the imperial apartments, with their modern French polished furniture and vile woodcarving, their massive screens glazed with purple glass, their wall-hangings of yellow and white or rose and green satin. The malachite room, the Pompeiian room, the Mauresque bath-room, likewise failed to transport us with admiration. The corner that pleased us best was Peter the Great's throne-room, whose walls were hung with soft red velvet embroidered with golden eagles. The St. George's Hall, a parallelogram, 140 feet by 60 feet, adorned with Corinthian columns of real white Corinthian columns of real white marble, with gilt bases and capitals, is also a fine room—perhaps the finest in the whole palace. The White Hall, the Golden Hall, and the Nicholas Hall are chillingly white show rooms,

which require the animation of the court ceremonies and balls, and the glitter of lights and diamonds in order to give them a picturesque interest. Finally, we may notice the state entrance to the palace from the Neva quay, called the embassadors' stairs, of white Carrara marble, and the vestibule, richly decorated and gilded with renaissance ornaments and statuary. This staircase and the St. George's Hall are the only two parts of the Winter Palace that present an aspect of real grandeur and

majesty. Her Survival Not So Very Strange.

In glancing over an Illinois paper, the other day, we were struck by a rather singular headline which read: "An Illinois woman survives a stroke of lightning." The account of this singular affair does not mention how long the stroke of lightning died before the woman did. In fact it is not stated positively that the woman was dead at all up to the time of going to press. We have been under the impression that a stroke of lightning was a temporary affair that had very little duration, hence there is nothing surprising in an able-bodied Illinois woman—they are proverbially tough—outliving the brief stroke of lightning. Old age has not heretofore been a characteristic of a stroke of lightning, but if the Illinois paper is correct we may live to see a stroke of lightning on crutches. wearing spectacles, amble up to Corporal Tanner and demand a pension. Great are the wonders of Illinois and New Jersey electricity.

Gen. Andrew Jackson's Dinner. Concord Letter, in Boston Traveller. When Gen. Andrew Jackson visited Concord, N. H., after his presidential term had expired, he was entertained at Cass's Hotel, at that time the leading hotel of the State.

The proprietor, wishing to do honor to his distinguished guest, provided a banquet and arranged to serve it with considerable style. With the first course the General surprised the waiter by ordering crackers and milk, and refused all other dishes, much to the disgust of the proprietor. Cass's Hotel was the great resort of stagedrivers, and it was at this hotel Vice-president Morton boarded when a young man, and engaged as a clerk in the dry goods business. One of the leading merchants of Concord, now in active business, was a boarder at the hotel at that time, and occupied a seat at the same table.

Two of Mr. Barnum's Stories.

Mr. Barnum's breezy conversation was know of no other place where there are so many of them. The city is filled with parks, and outside its limits are resorts or two since that beats it. Two gentlemen suitable to all tastes and inclinations, and not at all expensive. These are the conditions now; I do not know what they may be in winter. I suppose the people may go out and climb upon a fog and sit there in allent ecstacy, thinking they are having a were walking along a highway near a railroad. One of the pedestrians was somewhat hard of hearing. Along came a train, and the engine emitted a frightful shriek. 'H'm.' said the deaf one, "that's the first robin I've heard this spring.'"

WOMEN OF THE PRESENT DAY

They Are Not Angels, and They Are Not Much Better than the Average of Men.

A Bright Woman's Plucky Fight and the Great Success She Won-A Lesson in Chocolate-Making-Wheat Bread for the Complexion.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW, YORK, June 22 .- The women of today are a varied and absorbing study. For that matter, they seem to have been so for ages, to judge from the opinions found in classics and elsewhere. One may even now hear the opinion put forward by some candid man, hesitatingly, as if he were announcing some new discovery likely to be controverted, that "women are a mystery." So is the alphabet to the ignorant, or wheat bread to a city girl. Where you hear much cry about mystery, look for unaffected ig-

norance. The truth is, women are both less and more than the world has given them credit for. They are not in the least angels, as infatuated and sensuous men are fond of calling them. A woman who would do well by herself avoids marrying one of these men who talk of women as angelic and superior. He is certain to turn out a tyrant or a fool, more likely both. Women are not brighter and quicker of intellect than the rest of the world. You might as well carry the idea further and aver that dogs are superior in intellect to women because their sense of smell is keener. A bright woman can smell out the right of a matter sooner than an ordinary man, but this is mainly because men have brutified their perceptions by sloth and indulgence. Women are not any better than men except as they are more guarded from temptations. They are not the flower and finest of humanity. In fact, they often oblige one to believe they are made of the leavings, and no one is so ready to say this of her sex as the woman who the hour before has been clamoring for their superiority over everything masculine, their intuitive powers, celestial purity, and so forth. On the other side they are not incapable of reason or of training to be useful, trusty and comfortable to the race. They are the daughters of men, and fibre for fibre they answer to the make of their brothers. No description of their proper place and import in nature aside from their purely sexual office answers so clearly that they are meant to be, in a sort, the younger brothers and comrades of men, dependent on their strength and good will for consideration and defense, which they return by sympathy and kindly services. This is the law of human nature, and all the rabid talk of theorists cannot undo it. It remains equally true that women in general are the worst foes of women, and directly and indirectly drag the sex downward. Perhaps this is allowed to preserve the balance of good feeling between the sexes, or the feud between men the conquerors, and women the weaker, would become too bitter. Still, if the mass of women are weak-minded and cruel, there are plenty who are both sensible, and kind, and pleasant to their own sex as to the other. I hate to hear a woman say as I did not two nights ago, that "she could be in no greater hell than a house full of women." or that she never wanted to have anything to do with a woman in the world. A woman writes down her own good report in such words more darkly than her worst enemy could do it for her. All such women are apt to have more than the common share of the failings of their sex, and women do well to beware of them. It is their very selfish sensibility and domineering spirit which makes them intolerant of the faults of others. Such women prove able to get on with men only as long from their purely sexual office answers so ant of the faults of others. Such women prove able to get on with men only as long as they have no conflict of self-interests.

as they have no conflict of self-interests. This may serve as a prelude to the histories of women of the day which present themselves to me one by one. A letter from the one hundred and eighty which piled my table the other day pleased especially by its clear hand and good expression. Without apology or compliment the writer told her story, and asked advice. Not long after the answer, I was called down to see a lady who had shrewdly sent my own letter up with her card, to assist in placing her definitely. A slender figure dressed in faultless taste rose to meet me, and I wish all women could see that costume and its wearer, to know how thoroughly well turned out and refined looking a woman can be who earns every dollar of income by her own efforts. The dress, correct to its least details, suggested the tints of a moss rose in the directoire coat of dull green summer chashmere over a bordered skirt of deeper shade, the long panels of skirt of deeper shade, the long panels of coat lined with the softest old rose silk, the open throat closed with a delicious little chemisette of embroidered muslin, with collarette and cuffs of soft point lace, real lace, not the machine points or the crochet and cutwork we see a thought too much of. The dainty bonnet with the pointed front was of crepe embroidered in flower tints, with loops of old pink ribbon over the front, and heads of young green oats between, an artistic bonnet suiting the costume, the wearer's complexion and shape of head, three points never to be lost sight of in a bonnet. The face at once keen, knowing and delicate, with a soft complexion whose pallor only told of ill health, charmed by its vivacity, not childishness, and as clear steady blue. not childishness, and as clear, steady, blue eyes as I ever looked into, and I love to look into people's eyes and see the souls of them. This woman had sense enough to believe that artifice and duplicity are unnecessary to persons of good minds, a leading article of my creed, and she avoided either. Swiftly and concisely she told me not only her state of health but the leading points in her own life as women are apt to do with friendly faces seldom seen. Bewhen she could only earn \$5 by two weeks' work the best she could do, she mastered machine-sewing till she became forewoman in a factory at \$8 a week, getting the position, she said, only because she would work for less than any one else. Next she asked a friend to give her lessons in book-keeping nights, and got a place at \$12, which seemed riches to her. One day her employer suggested that she should write advertisements for the firm, and was pleased enough to give her a slight advance of terms for the work. She studied and compared advertisements in the papers, saw how Powers and Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, wrote to catch the public eye, and copied the style of others, till she could originate and improve on it. Now she holds her pretty home, with the charming little luxuries and comforts women love, and makes an income not less than \$3,000 a year steadily, with more falling to her by chance business. Withal, wonder and delight to me that she had lost nothing of womanliness and taste in the process, but could tell me of the last new poem, and, still better, she was the only woman I have ever known who took anything like an intelligent interest in the political refugees and the Russian emigrants coming here to escape the tyranny of the Czar. The delight of the interview was like talking to a highly refined man with entire freedom and del-icacy. Such women are not the product of college courses or alumni societies, but develop themselves by force-nay, rather, grace of circumstances. I never see a woman with sharp-cut, dispassionate intelligence, taste and feeling combined, who has not at some time known a life-and-death struggle for existence. A CHOCOLATE LESSON.

A pale-green engraved card annonneing that Mr. Mallard, confectioner, would favor ladies was one of the curiosities of the week, and I promptly found myself at the door of the private office where the lecture was given. It was elegant as private offices are in this city of luxury, with walls in oak wainscot and blue turcoman, tapesty portieres and rich glass, water-color pictures, seats for twenty

porcelain cups and flowered chocolatieres and enameled chocolate boilers over the trim gas stove. It was charming throughout, the veteran manufacturer treating the ladies as his guests, with French politeness and careful attentions, which began with fans all round and ended with a package of bonbons apiece. It is very nice to sit in the picturesque office, like a rich Flemish interior, with well-dressed women, while the tall, good-looking young man, with a very correct afternoon suit and diamond scarf-pin, explains the performance of the white-capped cook, also good-looking, and unmistakably French. The first thing is breakfast cocoa, and we are treated to the taste of the pure article, in the broken roast bean of the fine Venezuela cocoa, which is 40 cents a pound at first cost. The roast bean is so delicate I prefer it to any variety of chocolate bonbon. The points in making cocoa are to mix the teaspoonful of powder with boiling water, just enough to make a thin paste, and then pour the cupful of boiling milk, or milk and water, on this and scald a minute, not more. Neither chocolate nor cocoa should be stirred with a plated or nickel spoon, but with silver or wood. Each of us is presented with a wooden muller to stamp this on our minds, and mine rests on a bracket with photographs and porcelain as a memento, till it is put to use in the little cool house in sweet air, where the next letter, I hope, will find me. Please recount the directions, ladies, not to use more than cool house in sweet air, where the next letter, I hope, will find me. Please recount the directions, ladies, not to use more than a teaspoonful of cocoa to a cup, not to mix it with cold milk or hot milk, or stirit with a common spoon. M. Millard's is charmingly wrought, antique silver, and it is to boil up once in an earthen or porcelain boiler, not a metal pot. The trim maid in a white cap serves us with a pale blue cup of delicate nectar, which my brilliant friend whispers they may feed her when she arrives at the other side of the river. Between her and the other four or five distractingly pretty women in the room, I have hard work to keep the run of the lecture. It could not have been apropos of chocolate exactly that the brunette with splendid dark eyes, exquisite with dusky lashes, said that she wondered why one must be always a she wondered why one must be always a little unbecoming to look respectable, or that a supply-browed blowle conferred that that a sunny-browed blonde confessed that she was "tired of trying to live up to her angelic hair." It is hard lines to look so angelic hair." It is hard lines to look so like an angel at times that people expect one to always be devoid of temper and stand any amount of putting upon. Chocolate, however, must not be scraped or pewdered, as half its flavor is lost in the process, and only the vanilla chocolate is fit for drinking. The plain sort is only meant for cakes and bonbon making. You break a tablet of single vanilla chocolate for each cup of cold milk, or milk, and water, and put to boil in an earther or enameled pot for ten minutes, stirring constantly all the time. Then it comes of creamy, and you take

it comes off creamy, and you take it immediately with the long, crisp sticks of Italian bread, and want very little else for breakfast but some fruit. For increasing plumpness there is no food like it, with the crisp sticks of whole meal ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some one inquires the best way to make graham or whole-meal bread, and no point is so little understood. In the first place, see that the flour is good and freshly ground, not too branny or full of black specks, or in the least musty. Flour often spoils in hot weather if kept in bulk or in a spoils in hot weather if kept in bulk or in a damp, ill-aired place or near strong-smelling food. Sift it to see if the bran is clean, and, if satisfactory, put it back with the flour again. The best bread is made with two tablespoons of molasses to the quart of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, and sour milk to make a stiff batter, with a teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in cold water to the pint of liquid just as it is poured into the flour. A tablespoonful of melted butter may be added also. The bread requires no kneading or rising, but should go at once into a hot oven and bake to a crisp brown crust. Very little bread, either white or brown, is baked enough to be wholesome, and the slack-baked stuff sets up a ferment in the stomach which ruins the health. Bread made simply with baking-powder or cream of tartar and sobaking-powder or cream of tartar and so-da, with or without milk, in the waterused da, with or without milk, in the water used to mix it is more easily digested than yeast bread, especially in summer, but good yeast bread, of whole meal with a little molasses and very little or no corn meal, mixed in a sponge, stirred up without kneading and thoroughly baked, is a good household bread. If it grows moist by keeping in summer, slice thin and toast or bake crisp to preserve its wholesomeness. Bread in the slightest degree clammy, sour or musty is bad at any time, but rank poison in summer, and much of the disorder attributed to malaria and other things is set on foot by miserable bread. Not one bakery in ten sells bread fit to eat. The floor is inferior, the bread bread. Not one bakery in ten sells bread fit to eat. The floor is inferior, the bread trays seldom cleaned properly, the bread is acid enough to cause dangerous ferment in the stomach in warm weather, and so slack-baked as to start fungus in a loaf in a short time. Healthy, safe bread keeps longer by two days than any other. The only safe bread for dyspeptics in hot weather is a crisp, thin cracker of whole meal mixed stiff with water, salt and a tablespoon of butter to water, salt and a tablespoon of butter to the quart of flour, rolled out as thin as possible and baked brown in a hot oven. A little sugar may be added if well borne, and the butter left out of it does not suit the digestion, but the cracker must be thoroughly baked. These crisp crackers are very good eating with coffee, soup or milk for family use. The Indians have the advantage of us, as they prepare their bread from freshly-ground meal always, and bake it thin and crisp over the fire. One might name this cracker "complexion bread," for being perfectly innocent for digestion, it improves the face remarkably in a short time, so much has our daily bread to do with brain, nerve and tissues. TO IMPROVE THE FIGURE.

I am growing very tired of the women who write to know how they can secure large busts or develop fine figures. To have this thing over, once for all, I went among the cosmetic dealers-and their number increases-to learn what they advertise for this delicate process. It is pretty much the same thing in all cases. The bust is enlarged by a sort of dry cupping, a large glass cup or funnel being employed which fits over each breast, and the air within exhausted by suction through a slender rubber tube attached to the glass. This, repeated twice a day, draws the bust into shape. A colored liquid is sold with the cups to anoint the bosom, and facilitates the process. As it is said to be equally as good and safe as a face cosmetic or a tooth-wash, it is probably a tincture of myrrh, useful to render the tissues firmer. This is literally all there is of this precious art, the apparatus for which costs from \$5 to \$6, and I beg to be excused from this subject hereafter.
The "Designing Widow" and others who write for hair dyes have come to the wrong person. The only way to improve the color of the hair is to keep the scaip clean and

the locks, by weekly washing with borax, ammonia, or yelk of egg dissolved in water, and to brush it thoroughly twice a day from tifty to a hundred strokes each time.

Vaseline applied daily as a dressing will
darken the hair slightly, and washing with
diluted ammonia, one tablespoonful to two quarts of water, drying in the sun afterward, will bleach hair by degrees. Oil of avender is the best application to keep hair from falling, or to make it grow on high foreheads, if it will grow at all. SHIRLEY DARE.

Murat's Descendants.

Paris Dispatch to London Daily Telegraph. The descendants of Murat-who live in Paris-and their relatives, the Pepoli of Bologna and others, have brought an action against the Italian government to recover the respectable sum of 50,000,000 francs, or £2,000,000, the present valuation of the property of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, whose goods and chattels were confiscated after his capture in Calabria, and his execution, in 1815. The action will come on be-fore the courts on the 20th inst., but the plaintiffs do not intend to press their claims if the government makes them a reasonable

No Monument, Please.

New Orleans Picayune. Sitting Bull is slowly sinking away. He was a great soldier, considering the fact that he did not have the advantages of a West Point education. The city of New York, if necessary, should be enjoined from erecting a monument to Sitting Bull.